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In the last fifty pages, there is a collection of miscellaneous matter, much of which is interesting and valuable. Many letters of General Sherman are there published, of which the more noteworthy are those he wrote upon the subject of banishing newspaper correspondents from his lines, and adhering to that sentence as a necessary one, though Mr. Lincoln inclined to think otherwise; upon the method to be followed for checking the circulation in his army of discouraging and disloyal newspapers; his amusing letter to the Rebel chaplain, who complained of the loss of his horse; the letter full of cordiality and affectionate confidence, yet of a wise man's doubts, which he wrote to General Howard, on receiving the friendly letter in which he informed him that he had accepted the appointment of Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau; and the touching letter which he wrote to the commanding officer of the battalion of the Thirteenth Infantry, to thank him and them for their behavior to his child, whom they had made an honorary sergeant at nine years of age, and whose remains they had escorted to the grave.

Information is also given in this part of the book as to Sherman's appreciation of the value of railways in war, and of the manner in which he succeeded in so marvellously developing their capacity; as to his treatment of the question of furnishing rations to the poor citizens of the districts he entered, while his army were in want of provisions and forage; as to his views of the manliness of the Northern States in seeking to fill their quotas by enlisting blacks in the South to do the work of shirking Northern whites, &c. There are also to be found some most interesting speeches of General Sherman, full of information and full of his striking peculiarities of style.

The book contains excellent portraits of eight of the most prominent officers of "Sherman's army," including Sherman himself.

We would gladly say more, especially about Sherman's singular magnanimity, as shown on several important occasions, but want of space forbids; and we believe that enough has been said to satisfy any one who is fond of reading about the late war and its heroes, that this is one of the most satisfactory books about it that he can procure.

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8. — *Artemus Ward; his Travels.* — Part I. *Miscellaneous.* — Part II. *Among the Mormons.* With Comic Illustrations by MULLEN. New York: Carleton, Publisher. 1865. 12mo. pp. 231.

ARTEMUS WARD's popularity, having extended itself over America, has reached England, and now promises to become as great there as here. Whatever may be the subtle causes which of late have brought

so many American books into repute on the other side of the water, on this side at least it is easy to account for the favor with which he has been received; in the first place he is a genuine humorist, in the second, he is a genuine buffoon. Had he been a wit, nine tenths of his present readers might never have known him. But he has a capacity for seizing the unformed jest of the hour and vivifying it, letting it go shaped and perfect. When we were all laughing at the final disguise of Jefferson Davis, Artemus Ward wrote a letter in seeming confusion as to the ex-President's sex, speaking "of him as a her as frekent as otherwise," and guessing that "he feels so hisself." The love of the Union at the South he succeeded in hitting off in the same letter by introducing a Southerner, who tells him that there had been a tremendous Union feeling in Richmond from the first, but that the inhabitants had been kept down by a reign of terror, and who asks him in conclusion whether he has a daguerrotype of Wendell Phillips about him, and whether he can lend him four dollars "till we air once more a happy and united people." He once represented himself as making a speech at a war-meeting, in which he said that not only had the crisis come itself, but had brought all its relations; that Washington would be safe if the Federal army succeeded in taking it. Again, "I return to the Atlantic States after a absence of ten months; and what State do I find the country in? Why I don't know what State I find it in. Suffice it to say, that I do not find it in the State of New Jersey." These instances are sufficient illustrations of the tone and calibre of Artemus Ward's humor; a humor of low purpose, indeed, for his satire is not directed against the idols which society sets up and holds in honor, but simply uses as its butt the laughing-stock that society already ridicules. Thus a distinction is continually presenting itself between his humor and its object; the one original, racy, and strong, the other borrowed, and sometimes unpleasantly coarse.

But something more than this is required to account for Artemus Ward's popularity, and this something is buffoonery, that appeal to the love of the absurd, those capers and tumbles and contortions of mind or body, which from the days of court jesters to those of the circus clown have drawn admiring crowds. Artemus Ward has played the part of the literary clown with such success, that what he is now best known by is not the quaint oddity of his jests, but the slang which he adopted and introduced, his tone of impudent familiarity in speaking of distinguished persons, the twisting of his words, and the nonsensical form of his sentences. This has tickled the fancy of such as are content to be amused cheaply with ungrammatical phrases, burlesque words, and silly impertinence. The great test of the genuine

buffoon is that he makes you laugh, and he must have no object but laughter; if he has an end in view, he loses his character, — for the buffoon, as buffoon, is always shallow. Humor would have you laugh with, buffoonery at, itself. The buffoon's want of self-respect is painfully noticeable in Artemus Ward. To the natural love of buffoonery, then, and, worse, to that taste for levity in our society, which, however natural as the opposite of an unnatural extreme, is still itself extreme, — a levity that pastes bills on monuments, and makes natural scenery an advertising agent for quack medicines, — Artemus Ward has pandered.

To grin through a literary horse-collar of slang and bad spelling, — to be a negro minstrel among authors, — with such a station he was content for a long time; but at length, desirous of achieving a more creditable reputation, he attempted to get it by abandoning cap and bells, and he now appears before the world, in the last part of these "Travels," no longer as Artemus Ward, the showman, but in his own character as the humorist, Mr. Browne. Alas! the two veins of humor and buffoonery which we might have supposed accidentally combined, and separable, he now proves to be mingled in grain. The attempt was praiseworthy; but when he gave up the motley with which his humor had been clothed, it died of the exposure. With Artemus Ward laughter was too often the end, not the means; with Mr. Browne, in his commendable but fatal attempt at high comedy, the only end which it seems possible he can propose either to his readers or himself is that of his book.

In presenting himself as the author of a book Mr. Browne, indeed, subjected his powers to a hard test, for the articles of which his volume is made up are in their nature ephemeral, and belong properly to the weekly papers in which they first appeared. The genius of such writers as Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby, Orpheus C. Kerr, Josh. Billings, and Francis Bret Harte is specially appropriate to the flying pages of the comic journal. We may hope that at some day all these — Nasby, with his rich vein of political satire, which so delighted Mr. Lincoln that he said he had offered to change places with him; Orpheus C. Kerr, liberal in politics, a good parodist, a capital writer of burlesque; Harte, a parodist of such genius that he seems a mirror into which novelists may look and be warned; and Josh. Billings, with his wise saws and modern instances — will, instead of letting their humor ooze out of the soil at unexpected times and places, send it forth from one great fountain-head, to flow over and enrich the thirsty land.

It is common, however, to say that comic periodicals cannot succeed

among us, and "Vanity Fair" and "Mrs. Grundy" are adduced as proofs of the failure. These, it is true, are dead, but their death does not convince us that similar attempts are always to be attended with like results. That there is a great demand for light reading of this sort, any one may be assured by looking at the "Nick-Nax" or "Yankee Notions"; or, without going so far, by recollecting the column in part or entirely devoted to humor in many of our morning papers. Americans, if they are in general serious, have a love of humor that balances their gravity, and the weighty editorials which might be by themselves too heavy for digestion at breakfast-time are relieved and rendered more wholesome by side-dishes of a racier flavor. We need not go far for an illustration; our own Boston Daily Advertiser — a bulwark of resistance against needless and unauthorized innovation, a host in itself to withstand temptations to levity and trifling — has yielded so far to this demand, that, though not yet professedly a comic paper, it has introduced a series of general paragraphs of a nature light and humorous enough to make the old issues turn in their very files for amazement. Far and wide, daily, weekly, and monthly publications issue from the press to face us with at least one feature smiling. It is not, then, from a lack of a proper sense of humor in the country that certain papers have failed. The success of their contemporaries bars such a supposition; and indeed the flashes of wit and humor that we see at every turn in private life prove the presence of an amount which need only be concentrated and refined to be of the greatest value.

What, then, is the difference between the two classes of papers, represented on the one side by "Vanity Fair" and "Mrs. Grundy" as failures, on the other by the "Nick-Nax" as a success? In the first place, "Nick-Nax" and its like are written for a much larger number of readers, — that uncounted host which reads for its romance "The Ledger" and "The Pirate of the Gulf." Common schools make us a nation of readers. But common schools can, alas! do little to inculcate taste or discrimination in the choice of reading. The mass of the community has a coarse digestion. It likes strong condiments, and consequently swallows the Dime Novels. It likes horse-laughs, and consequently finds "Nick-Nax" amusing. It is satisfied with ill-drawn pictures, and overlooks, if it sees them, the defects, for the sake of the merits which are clearly perceptible; as, for instance, in a recent political caricature in this paper representing the egg of the Democracy, out of which is coming an unfledged chicken labelled "Universal Suffrage," while underneath is written,

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;

Not all of Dean's horses, nor all of Wood's men,  
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again."

The drawing is very poor, but the humor is certainly excellent. But there is a class in America that has a taste for better food than this; that is fond of Sydney Smith, Hood, and Thackeray; that dislikes coarseness, vulgarity, and sensation; — a class not so large as the other, but large enough to support a good comic paper. The two papers mentioned before, which are always adduced to prove that similar attempts must fail, were intended for this class. It is clear that, if this intention is not strictly carried out, such attempts cannot succeed, and the paper, becoming vulgar, will be taken by subscribers who do not object to vulgarity, or, becoming stupid, will not be taken at all.

"Vanity Fair" promised at the outset well, although it had two serious difficulties in its path. It was what is called conservative, and used the stale jests about the negroes and philanthropy; while the class on which it needed to rely was in the main not conservative, but liberal, and opposed to its politics. Besides this, it was a copy of Punch; there were the same central cartoons, the satirical pictures of society on just the same pages, and the puns and conundrums in the same corner. Such copying suggested comparison; and, though this paper was called the Punch of America, it seemed one of those foreign editions of greatness that are always suspicious. The pictures were not quite so good, the jokes had an unlucky air of second-hand about them, and in fact it was too true that it *was* an *American* Punch. Some very amusing letters appeared in "Vanity Fair," some from Artemus Ward, some from that capital master of burlesque, McArone; but the editors made it too refined to rival "Nick-Nax," and not witty or humorous enough to make a place for itself. It flourished, or appeared to, for a time, then faded with the political party to which it was addressed, and both went simultaneously to a common tomb. The difficulties of the case were, no doubt, aggravated by the high cost of publication during the war.

"Mrs. Grundy," our friend of last summer, next made her appearance. Her name was against her; for a paper that aims at a Grundy view of society will, it is to be hoped, never succeed in this country. But her appearance almost made up for the mistake of her christening. No title-page so good was ever drawn for such a purpose, and we could forgive the didactic look of the "Weekly Lectures," for the sake of the admirable drawing of the lecturer herself and her audience, — an audience which Mr. Nast gave, not in caricature, but in likeness. But the whole strength of the meal was in this soup; the rest of the dishes, from the rehash of cartoon down to the *entremets* of

pun, was watery. "Mrs. Grundy," moreover, was far below her predecessor in drawing and humor; and she gave us, unfortunately, far less than her title-page promised. Her pictures were poor, and the satire they illustrated poorer; her political tone was that of a gossip, and her lectures were insufferable. After a short and censured life of a dozen numbers, her prattle was hushed, and she closed her watchful eyes. She, too, had made the mistake of not taking a distinct stand within the reach of one or the other of the two great reading classes of America.

The minor causes, then, which sapped these attempts were many, — bad drawing, bad politics, trashiness, a servile imitation of something better abroad; but the root of all the evil, the great underlying trouble, was that they were not true to themselves, that they made a pretentious appeal to readers who would have been very willing to give encouragement to any nucleus for a humor refined, but still vigorous, yet who refused to believe the watery stuff offered to them was the wine that had been promised; while those not chary of the kind, provided there was strength in it, failed to find any stimulant in such decoctions, and turned again in despair to "Nick-Nax." Learning wisdom from the fate of those that have gone before, "The Saturday Press," recently revived in New York, seems likely to succeed, and should have the credit of desiring to appeal to a love of humor rather than buffoonery; but the "Press," with all its merits, has too often a tone of Bohemian provinciality, and does not address itself with sufficient confidence to that class which has never yet, for the reasons we have mentioned, found a paper which it cared to support.

If enterprising men with sufficient capital will undertake the publication of an American humorous paper designed for readers of education and refinement, determined, at whatever cost, to be true to their endeavor, they will in the end succeed. They must not aim at copying anything; they should take a new form, and not seek comparisons which, however apparently flattering, are almost of necessity unintended sarcasms; let them have pictures, if they can get good ones, though they are not necessary in any great number, and one good cartoon is worth a dozen ordinary pictorial squibs. Let them use politics as much as possible; it is the great chord of harmony that runs through the country; a touch upon it is felt from one end to the other; in our present condition, politics are with us what society is with older countries, for our largest city is not, like London or Paris, a social and literary metropolis. Let them seek to embody the wit and humor of all parts of the country, not only of the one city where their paper is published; let them force Portland to disgorge her Jack Downings, and

New York her Orpheus C. Kerrs, for the common benefit of all. Let them form a nucleus which will draw to itself all the waggers and wits of America. Let them wait patiently, and remember that even Punch for a long time was unprofitable.

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9. — *An Address on the Limits of Education. Read before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, November 16, 1865.* By JACOB BIGELOW, M. D. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1865. 8vo. pp. 28.

THIS Address, printed, as the reverse of the title-page informs us, for and at the expense of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, claims attention, not merely from the well-known name of the author, who, as he tells us, was the first to introduce the word "technology" into use in English literature, but, moreover, as an indication of the general views and spirit of those who direct this new and hopeful enterprise at its outset. It is in some sort an official programme or platform, to which all interested may look to see in which direction this fresh and powerful influence in the community is likely to be thrown. The first thing that strikes us in it is, that what Dr. Bigelow means by Education is not education at all, but elementary instruction. The title itself indicates this. If by education we mean mental development, there can be no reason for limiting it, any more than for limiting bodily strength or health; there are, no doubt, limits to what it is possible to confer or to obtain, but there ought to be none to what is attempted. But if we mean instruction, acquisition of knowledge, there may easily be too much of this; and here a voluntary limitation may be useful, just as in the case of other kinds of acquisition. A man might load himself with gold enough to crush him, and he may load his brain with information, no matter how valuable in itself, until all power of useful working is paralyzed. He cannot have too much education, any more than he can be too strong or too well; but he may burden his memory with more facts than he can dispose of,—just as he may eat more than is good for him. The same confusion of things different and often opposed to each other appears in the illustrations which Dr. Bigelow draws from the physical world. It is a law, he says, which obtains in regard to the mind and its acquirements, as well as in matter, that strength for the most part decreases as bulk increases; a column cannot be carried beyond a certain size without crushing itself by its own weight; and in like manner "human intellect, though varying in capacity in different individuals, has its limits in all plans of enlargement